

THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL

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CHAS. C. DAWSON

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To plead the cause of the weak, defenceless, and oppressed, and to deprecate cruelty, and injustice, and all that is opposed to the true spirit of Christianity.

The Members of The Order are pledged to seek the attainment of these objects by daily example and personal influence. They are divided into two classes—*Companions and Associates*—the former being abstainers from flesh, fish, and fowl, as food; the latter from flesh and fowl only.

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ONE PENNY

Is Christianity a Failure?

If Religions, like prophets and teachers, are to be judged by the test which Jesus declared to be the only reliable one

—"By their fruits ye shall know them"—a very high type

of morality, culture and manhood might reasonably be looked for in those countries where His gospel has been proclaimed and accepted. For it is recorded that the name "Jesus" was given by divine command to the mystic founder of the Christian religion because He should "save His people from their sin." One would naturally expect, therefore, to find amongst the people of

Christian nations the evidences of exceptional freedom from transgression and its penalties, and a consequent manifestation of exceptional physical and spiritual health.

And if such are not apparent, at any rate amongst His professed followers, a thoughtful and unprejudiced observer would be justified in coming to one of three conclusions, viz. (1) That His religion has failed to justify the claims made on its behalf; (2) That it has been perverted or misrepresented by those who have undertaken the work of expounding it, or (3) That some insuperable hindrance or stumbling block has prevented its legitimate fruition.

In the light of these reflections, matter for serious thought is provided by the fact that after nineteen centuries of effort on the part of Christian bishops, pastors and evangelists, we find in countries which, like England, are overcrowded with churches and chapels, multitudes of diseased and sin-stricken men and women who are bodily malformed or mentally misshapen, and often morally and physically degenerate. The presence in our midst of such a deplorable amount of crime, cruelty, insanity, dipsomania and malignant disease, as are at this present time apparent, challenges attention and demands

some explanation; it also calls for definite action of some sort on the part of that large body of professional men whose business it is to teach the people the things that belong to their peace.

Many would doubtless reply that the demoralized condition of the people in what are called "Christian" lands results from the innate depravity of the "genus homo"—from "original sin," as it were—and that it need not be attributed to the impotence of modern Christianity, or to any particular extraneous cause. This argument is negated by the fact that amongst the people of certain nations—say the Burmese, for instance—this demoralization is, comparatively speaking, non-existent. The testimony of impartial witnesses—such as Judge Fielding, who resided in Burmah for fifteen years—demonstrates that most of the ills which afflict the masses of Christendom, are conspicuous by their absence in the native towns and villages of that favoured land—the people of which do not eat flesh-food and are followers of the humane teaching of Buddha. If the Burmese (who have not yet been contaminated by European influence) are healthy, sober, gentle, courteous, honest, peaceable, happy, and humane, why are the people of Christendom so different?

If our social evils are not to be attributed to any essential lack in the truths they proclaim, if their ministry is not at fault, then, some extraneous cause must be operating in such a manner as to defeat their efforts to promote amelioration, and surely it behoves our religious leaders to ascertain that cause, and if possible, to remove it. For these phenomena demonstrate conclusively that, whatever may be the essential efficacy of the real religion of Jesus, yet, as expounded by the Christian Churches, it has failed to fulfil the Christian ideal by producing upon this Earth a people saved from physical and moral transgression.

The simple minded souls who sit in their pews and complacently accept all they hear about the triumphs of Christianity, who cheerfully give their money for the building of more temples and the support of more pastors and missionaries, do not realize this obvious fact.

But philosophers and men of science are not thus blind; hard-headed practical business men, and contemplative Orientals realise it. These look on, draw silent conclusions, and act accordingly. And, unfortunately, the failure is attributed to the inadequacy of the Christian religion instead of to the real causes.

The Japanese Emperor who sent a commission of able men to study and report upon the condition of the people of Christian England, and who, upon being told that they were brutal, intemperate and diseased, decided not to establish Christianity in Japan, acted as a statesman of sound judgment. He did not suspect that the religion taught by Jesus had been emasculated and perverted since the early days of this Era. Nor did he suspect that the people of England were demoralized through the daily habit of violating Natural Law by eating flesh. Had he investigated this subject of England's physical and moral condition more thoroughly; had he searched for *cause* beneath *effect*, I verily believe that he would have been compelled to form the opinion that Christianity has never had a fair chance in our midst.

Multitudes of sin-stricken men and women, hungering and thirsting for deliverance from the various evils which afflict them, have thronged the churches of Christendom throughout the centuries with an unspoken appeal in their hearts: "*What must we do to be saved?*" And this question is being asked to-day with even increased earnestness. But the response given by those to whom the work of human salvation has been committed, does not appear to meet the needs of the case. For the cure of the *soul*, apart from the cure of the *body*, has been attempted, and the result does not justify any optimistic enthusiasm.

Instead of having a real way of salvation pointed out to them—an emancipation which includes deliverance from physical transgression and the penalties which are incurred by the same—their physical sins and physical maladies are ignored; instead of being fed with the bread for which they are famishing, they are too often given the mere husks of theology and the stones of platitude.

But is there no remedy for this state of things? Must Christian lands ever be distinguished by this prevalence of squalor, brutality, crime and disease—by gin palaces, brothels, slums, and torture dens?

Have our 'Lords-spiritual' nothing to say concerning these deplorable symptoms of national decadence; no practical scheme of amelioration to offer? Is there no way of saving these sin-stricken multitudes who are suffering the penalties which follow physical transgression?

Jesus declared that he who commits sin—that is, he who transgresses against physical, moral or spiritual Law—is in bondage, and that only by a realization of, and obedience to, the Truth, can the captive be set free.

He clearly taught that obedience to the Divine Will—which includes living in harmony with those divinely established natural laws which govern our being—is the way of Salvation, and that harmony and the heavenly life can only be attained by walking in this path.

It seems to me that if the multitudes of Christendom are to be saved, if they are to be humanized, vitalized and spiritualized, the first thing that must be done is to bring about a general realization of *what they need most especially to be saved from*. They must be made to understand that most of the suffering, weakness, dissatisfaction, sorrow and disease which afflict them are the result of physical wrong-doing, of living discordantly with the Divine intention.

Human wrecks, of whom there are plenty to be seen in all our towns, are the evidences of long-continued violation of physical and hygienic Law—a violation extending back probably throughout several generations. Degenerate bodies react on the souls which inhabit them, and as a result we have moral and spiritual imbecility and deformity around us on every hand.

Gluttony and intemperance produce sensual faces; cruel dispositions and 'beefy' minds result from inordinate consumption of flesh-meat. The feeble and sickly youths and maidens who throng our factories and streets betray the fact that their parents, either through ignorance or unfavourable environment, neglected their physical culture, and failed to give them healthful exercise, pure air, and wholesome and natural food which would have developed their growing forms in accordance with the beautiful symmetry of God's ideal of manhood and womanhood. The afflicted church-member who is oppressed by rheumatism and gout, exemplifies the penalty which results from the sin of Carnivorism; a transgression concerning which he has probably never heard a word of warning either from his medical or his spiritual adviser. His disease is unknown among those who live wisely and upon the natural food that our Creator intended for our sustenance, and the way of salvation for this afflicted saint obviously lies, not in patient resignation to the "mysterious dispensations of Providence," but in the cessation of his physical wrong-doing. These few illustrations will suffice to emphasize the great fact that the amendment of our deeds—the only true *repentance*—must precede salvation from the penalties of physical sin, and that without it no salvation worthy of the name is possible.

Our evil habits must be given up; our national ignorance must be overcome by the teaching of hygienic truth, for it is salvation down here, *upon this Earth* that men crave for—not the postponed and visionary salvation in the skies which is offered them as a substitute.

For some of us it may be too late to undo, altogether, the mischief wrought by our errors and mistakes in the past, and we may have to continue to suffer, to some extent at any rate.

Yet much of the evil from which we suffer may be removed, for wonderful is Nature's power to repair and restore. We may also save our children and the coming generations from the ditch into which we have stumbled, by giving them that teaching which shall make them wiser than we ourselves have been. And thus may we help to redeem our land from corruption and our religion from unmerited adverse criticism.

When the Church uplifts the standard of a *real* salvation—physical, mental and moral—and proclaims that God's ideal of a strong, joyous, healthy, humane and spiritual manhood and womanhood is *attainable*, the complaint will cease that the Music Halls are crowded whilst the Churches are half deserted. For a practical gospel, and a vital form of religion will never lack earnest adherents.

The work of healing and saving mankind, which Jesus inaugurated, was carried on by His first disciples for some time; they apprehended that His mission included *physical* salvation, and there is no reason why that work may not be revived as soon as His followers of to-day awaken to a realization of their duty and privilege, instead of being absorbed in such trivialities as sectarian rivalry, conventional religious performance and theological hair-splitting.

We may all have the privilege of fulfilling in some humble measure that mission which He undertook and which He bequeathed to those who came after Him.

"To preach good tidings to the poor.

"To proclaim deliverance to the captive.

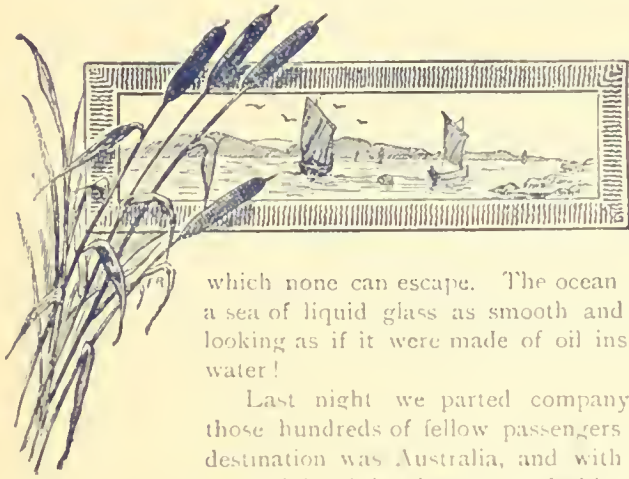
"And receiving of sight to the blind.

"To set at liberty them that are bruised."

Sidney H. Beard.

Caste and Aestheticism.

I am sitting on board the Royal Mail steamer *Egypt*, and we are ploughing our way through the Indian Ocean at the rate of 380 miles a day!



The sun is like the burning eye of God from

which none can escape. The ocean is like a sea of liquid glass as smooth and viscid looking as if it were made of oil instead of water!

Last night we parted company with those hundreds of fellow passengers whose destination was Australia, and with whom we had lived in close comradeship during

all the long but happy days from Marseilles to Allen.

There are certain limitations to all life's intercourse. There are some English ladies who would go to listen to a negro speak, who would join in the closest converse of mind and soul with the big-lipped child of ebony, but who would revolt from the idea of marriage with him!

There are gentle souls who would minister almost unto the death to sad sufferers from leprosy or cancer, but who would dread, with a dread as desperate as it is unreasoning, the passing a single night alone with the corpse of one who had died.

So, too, there is a growing sense of a great gulf fixed between us who can eat no more of the bodies of the dead and those who pride themselves on their liberty of conscience to eat anything—clean or unclean—whether procured by agony or obtained painlessly.

We have a growing sense that though we may play and dance with them; though we may walk and talk together; though we may toil in the same gardens and labour on the same pathways; that none the less there is a line of demarcation somewhere, and that this is drawn at the daily sacrament of eating.

I grow daily to understand more and more why it is that Jews keep two sets of dishes and plates and never allow any flesh to be placed upon a milk plate, and that if any be placed there by accident, the plate is polluted and can only be purified by fire or must be destroyed.

I grow daily to understand that sense of horror with which the clean living Jew looks upon the promiscuous eating Christian. The Jew recognizes that life taking is always a sacred thing, and that no life may be destroyed without the *shochet* being present to say a prayer before he breaks the golden bowl that can never be repaired.

The Christian looks upon the whole thing as merely one of economy, and considers that dead bodies are "wasted" if they are not eaten. He lets the butcher and the slaughterman revel in their work whether drunk or sober, and leaves it entirely to the lay arm of the law or the sanitary inspector to take cognizance of their doings.

No Christian priest prays a prayer for the groaning creation daily done to death in pain and misery, and no

Christian missionary goes to the slaughterhouse to impress upon the ripping and the cutting and the stunning and the tail-twisting crowd, the sanctity of life and the fatherhood of God for all that lives.

Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's knowledge, said the great authority of God's dealings with creation, but the modern market of the Christian knows nothing of the golden song of praise ended in death, and only asks whether "larks are cheap to-day!"

I am daily learning to understand the mind of the Mahomedan who will eat grains harvested and fruits gathered and vegetables raised in any quarter of the world, but will only eat the flesh of an animal which has been killed by one of his own creed. There is to him something of the "religious" element in all sacrificial life-taking. To him it is not a matter of indifference *who* kills the victim at the altar of appetite or *who* slaughters the oxen on the hearth of the god of desire.

I do not say that their killing is more painless or less brutal than the method of the Christian, because I have never seen a Mahomedan kill his food, nor do I know anything about it, but I *do* say that I am beginning to appreciate the deep religious instinct which demands a certain sacredness—even though it be but a formal one—in the taking of life.

I am beginning to understand the deep down aversion which a Brahmin has to sit at table with those who are able to eat portions of a dead body. Well do I remember years ago, when I was at Oxford, I met a young Hindu who told me that when he had decided to go to England he was told that there he *must* eat meat. So he went surreptitiously to a hotel in Bombay to order a dinner and to begin by taking a little meat. Day after day he ate, having eaten but a mouthful, and day after day he went out to be sick. It was only after some time that the nausea passed away and he was able to eat of the flesh of the dead.

Little by little do I understand the deep wisdom and the immense importance of the Pauline doctrine. "I will not taste of flesh," he says, "nor will I drink of wine if thereby I make my brother to offend."

To the hardy, honest, earnest Mahomedan, the Christian religion with its freedom of liquor is something lax and offending. To the gentle Brahmin, brought up from childhood with a real sense of the sacredness of life, the Christian missionary, with his feasts of pork and his insatiable demand for the flesh of the cow, is a stone of stumbling and a rock of real offence.

"To us," they say, "the cow is specially sacred, from a deep sense of gratitude. We do not 'worship' the cow, but we recognise that the cow is the type of the motherhood in God's world.

"We reverence the cow as our emblem of beauteous motherhood.

"Throughout her life she shares of her very self that our little ones may live. We enter into a comradeship with her. Our wives, and our cows become the common mothers of our children. Can we do less in return, then, than to protect them in their time of want and in the weakness of their old age?

"You, too, have animal symbols in your churches.

"You have the lamb and the dove.

"There is hardly a church into which I go, but I find the most beautiful of life's tragedies held up to me by the picture of the sacred lamb.

"But your religious instincts end as your footsteps pass the threshold of your church, and you calmly go home and

callously eat the dead body of a lamb, and your only thought about it is its tenderness and the due supply of mint sauce with it!

"Weigh them side by side and pause ere you call the Hindus 'cow worshippers' unless you are willing at the same time to call Christians 'stomach worshippers.'"

Pause, too, as you read again the Pauline poem of self-sacrifice, and learn from it why it is that Christian missions in India make such small headway among the educated and the higher classes.

No longer may we sit in the back seats of apology. No longer must we rest contented to be tolerated as harmless faddists and foolish fanatics. No longer must we bend our heads and pass in silent gladness to be let alone—No. The time is come when the glory is being revealed, when human carnivora must be brought up face to face with all the horrors that are crawling unseen below the surface of Carnivorism. The time is come when the vision of Paradise Regained is vouchsafed to us, and woe is upon us if we are not worthy of the great mantle that has fallen upon our shoulders.

The dawn of a creation redeemed from its groaning and its travailing is awakening, and we must be heralds of the coming day of Peace and Humanity.

Josiah Oldfield.

Keep Singing.

Don't let the song go out of your life;

Though it chance sometimes to flow
In a minor strain it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.

Don't let the song go out of your life;

Though your voice may have lost its trill,
Though the tremulous note should die in the throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain,
And never a cup of rue
So bitter to sup but what in the cup
Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond
Sweet songs of your life have flown,
For if ever you knew a song that was true,
Its music is still your own.

Kate B. Stiles.

THE PLAY CURE.

Over the door of my Temple of Health I would inscribe, except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the "Kingdom of Heaven." The child is the perpetual reiteration of the savage in our conventional experiments. He continually recalls us to the natural, the beautiful, the well-proven, and the primitive. When we seek for healthful things we cannot do better than take the child or the savage, they are the same, as our teachers. Not blindly, of course, nor in all matters of detail, but in the general lesson of their instincts.

Let the child alone, and what will he do? He will seek nature, he will be amused, he will keep moving when awake, he will go to bed early and sleep as long as he wants to and he will not overwork mentally or physically, nor fret himself deeply about any mental, moral, or material thing. There is your lesson, O victim of the 'too much.'

J. Wm. Lloyd.

The Fruit and Nut Menu.

Its Philosophy Explained by One who has Tried It.

A citizen of Eaglewood Cliffs gave in the *New York Sun* the following testimony to the value of adopting Man's

Natural Diet, the Editor describing him as being "muscled like an athlete and having the colour of a country schoolboy." This is his experience:—



"It's glorious to be a crank if that's what I am. In fact, I think that I can convince you that cranks—that is to say, fruit and

nut cranks—are about the only people who live as God intended they should. And while I have left all other forms of diet behind I want to give credit to one kind for working improvement to my health—that is vegetarian diet. Vegetarianism helped me, but it was not until I had discarded vegetables, cereals and legumes that I realized what perfect health meant.

"I live exclusively on fruits and nuts. Nature never intended man to eat cooked food or he would have been born with a cooking attachment. Vegetables, legumes and cereals are mostly starch, and the digestion of starch is begun in the mouth by saliva, an alkali, and if it is not changed to sugar there it will not be digested until it reaches the second stomach, as when it reaches the first stomach the gastric juice, an acid, will neutralise the saliva and it will remain undigested until it reaches the duodenum and the intestines.

"Man's digestive organs are so constructed that they indicate what should be his dietary. The main stomach is a large organ, meant to do the largest amount of work, while the second stomach, the duodenum, is small, less than one-third of the main stomach. Yet man's present diet consists of four-fifths starchy food, which, although remaining in the main stomach to await the digestion of the nitrogenous portions, remains undigested and is passed to the second stomach, so the second stomach is forced to do more than two-thirds of the work of digestion, just the reverse of what Nature intended.

"In the spring of 1896 I came home from the road in a pretty bad condition, threatened with locomotor ataxia and suffering from kidney trouble, torpid liver and palpitation of the heart. I also had catarrh. Our family physician had recommended a vegetable diet to my wife, as she had not been in good health for years. We both adopted it, and have never since eaten flesh, fish or fowl. It cured me of heart trouble, and helped my wife a little, but still we had to keep our medicine chest well stocked.

"We began the study of the dietaries and in April, 1900, two days after my return from the road, I received an invitation to attend a lecture on 'Raw Food.' Here was a new idea. Why should man, of all creatures, be obliged to cook in order to sustain life? Did Nature make a mistake in creating man, or is it not more likely that man has made the mistake in his diet? Do the birds, the fishes, or the animals cook their food? Certainly not, and yet they are all healthy except when man interferes with their natural diet. The Earth is covered with hospitals, spas and sanatoriums for man's benefit and, in our large cities, if one throws a stone the chances are two to one he will break the windows of a physicians' house.

"After discussing the new idea on this line my wife and I decided to attend the lecture. The lecturer was a young physician—a fine specimen of manhood, with muscles of iron. He recommended a diet of vegetables, cereals, legumes, nuts and fruit in their natural state. We called on the doctor and

found him in the bosom of his family—a rosy-cheeked wife and a chubby baby, fifteen months old, all strongly muscled and of pink and white complexion. That baby could manage a five-pound flat iron with as much ease as an ordinary baby handles a toothing ring. No aches, no pains, nothing but health in that family.

"We became converts to their mode of diet. I bought apples by the barrel, oranges, peaches and pears by the crate; prunes, dates and figs by the box; bananas by the bunch and nuts by wholesale, besides berries of the season. We eat more nuts and fruit from that time than we had in our whole previous existence, and both thrived wonderfully.

"My 210 pounds of avoirdupois dwindled down to 157, my liver came out of its comatose state, my catarrh was cured and I began to forget that I had any kidneys. My wife lost her embonpoint and her objections to riding a bicycle, and she regained the figure of a girl of 18.

"I started on my travels in September, well supplied with prepared cereals, for, though uncooked, they are more palatable when ground and pressed into little cakes. The fruits and nuts I bought from city to city as I needed them. About three weeks before Christmas I ran short of the cakes and was forced to live entirely on fruits and nuts, thereby discovering that I was just as strong and full of vitality as ever. I had been rummaging through the libraries of the different cities I had visited for books that would give me the composition of the foods upon which I was living and I came across several, all agreeing that the starch contained in raw cereals was indigestible to man and beast because the starch granules are inclosed in little sacks of cellulose which are impervious to the action of saliva. From that moment I have lived on fruits and nuts alone.

"Oats, barley, wheat, and all cereals are only the culmination of man's cultivation of tall grasses, intended for bird and fowl and are full of calcareous matter necessary to birds, which need the lime for the shells of their eggs. Man and animals don't lay eggs. When they eat cereals what happens?

"The calcareous matter which is held in suspense in the blood is precipitated to the walls of the arteries, especially during the sleeping hours, when the blood flows less rapidly and causes the stiffness experienced by so many upon awakening. It also causes the bones to become more brittle, like the shell of an egg. Snakes, alligators, turtles, chameleons and other reptiles as well as fishes lay eggs, but they are soft-shelled and none of these reptiles can be induced to eat cereals. The higher species of apes feed upon nuts and fruits and leap from branch to branch and to the ground and never break a bone. Let a man fall off a two-foot step and he is likely to break a leg or an arm.

"People complain they cannot digest nuts. Why? Because they eat them after a big meal when their digestive organs are already crying for mercy. In come nuts, raisins, cheese and a cup of coffee. Ye gods! Is it any wonder they suffer from indigestion?

"On getting out of bed I eat an orange, then go through a little exercise lasting from three to five minutes, during which time I exercise my arms, legs, neck and torso. Then I take a cold bath. Then a little more exercise and I sit down and eat my breakfast in my room, at the same time taking an air bath, so strongly recommended by that grand old American, Benjamin Franklin. I eat from 75 to 100 almonds, five or six figs or a dozen prunes or dates. I take one hour eating that meal.

"Between five and six o'clock I eat my dinner—same bill of fare minus the orange. Before retiring for the night I eat three or four apples and take an air bath of an hour's duration. I used to drink two quarts of milk a day, but I've cut that off and don't miss it. I drink no water unless it is distilled, because water is full of calcareous matter. Nature distills it in fruits and no man can improve on that still. A short time ago I read of small pox being cured in Phoenix, Ariz., by the free use of cider. What it will cure it will surely prevent. Germs do not thrive in fruit juices.

"I am a better man for my present diet physically and mentally. My friends acknowledge I am better tempered, and as for my color and muscles, look at me."

Glimpses of Truth

For nations as well as persons, the only way of being really well-to-do is to do really well. Much goods may sink us, unless there is much goodness.

R. L. CARPENTER.

The best cosmetic for the complexion and to prevent wrinkles is the milk of human kindness.

L. A. MALLORY.

Begin by denying yourself, and by and by you forget yourself. The kindness which at first was just a duty becomes a pleasure and a joy.

BROOKE HERFORD.

There is no communion possible among men who believe only in hearsay. Only in a world of sincere men is Unity possible—and there, in the long run it is as good as certain.

CARLYLE.

Never forget that disease is simply an unbalanced state of health; that every active remedy excites reaction as well as action; that a stimulant is merely a spur, and that a narcotic is a gag stifling the cry of Nature for relief.

MEDICAL WORLD.

Be yourself. This is the first important rule to follow. Do not try to be like anyone you see or know, but aim to be like your own highest ideal. Copy no one, let yourself, your eternal self, be written in the flesh. Be natural, not artificial, give your inmost deepest self free outlet. Be spontaneous, not stilted.

URSULA N. GEFELD.

He that hath wantonly and wickedly done ought to injure one of God's creatures should take heed unto himself, for he hath begun to destroy his own humanity.

I cannot, however, but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness, as well as on the happiness of duty; for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is the most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Our private sorrows will look smaller when we accustom ourselves to care for the larger life of the world, for the good of the community, for the public welfare, for the spread of truth and righteousness among mankind.

CHARLES G. AMES.

Let this at least be laid up in our hearts as certain, whatever may remain doubtful—that duty to God is filial devotedness; that duty to man is the brotherly affection that desires to bless him and to do him good.

JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

I know of but one elevation of a human being, and that is elevation of soul. Without this it matters nothing where a man stands or what he possesses; but with it he towers; he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale.

CHANNING.

Let us not be among the so dwarfed, so limited, so bigoted, as to think that the Infinite God has revealed Himself to but one little handful of His children, in one little quarter of the globe, and at one particular period of time.

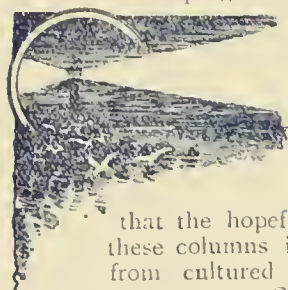
RALPH W. TRINE.

Any man is educated who is so developed and trained that, drop him where you will in the world, he is able to master his circumstances and deal with the facts of life so as to build up in himself a noble manhood and be of service to those that are about him. That is what education means; that is what it is for. Knowledge of foreign tongues, a list of historic facts concerning the past, information poured into man's brain—these things are not education. There are learned fools.

REV. J. MINOT SAVAGE.

Editorial Notes.

I should like to thank the many friends who have recently sent me kind messages of congratulation concerning the progress of our work, and expressions of



gratitude for the encouragement and help they have received during the past year from the pages of this journal. Such words of sympathy and recognition strengthen one's heart to face the daily round of mental toil which our work of propaganda involves, and also prove that the hopeful message which is proclaimed in these columns is meeting with a genuine response from cultured and altruistic souls. Our future prospects as a Society never looked so bright as they do to-day, for from all parts of the world we are receiving evidences that progressive thinkers are embracing our ideals and furthering our efforts by their influence and example.

AN ENCOURAGING SIGN.

One of the most encouraging signs of the growth of public sympathy with the humane ideals which we advocate is furnished by the fact that the Christmas issue of the *Macclesfield Courier* contained a whole page of literary matter which deprecated Carnivorism and advocated, by the very strongest possible arguments, humanity in diet. The page was headed with the following words in bold capital letters:

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS OF THE NEW CENTURY,
KINDNESS, OR CRUELTY AND HUMANE DEGRADATION,
WHICH?

and it contained an original article from the pen of Mr. Harold Whiston (a Member of our Executive Council), the reprint of two of our strongest leaflets and also a large number of quotations from our official pamphlets.

The appearance of such a manifesto in an influential newspaper is an unique event and may be said to establish a record. I trust that it may foreshadow the near approach of that complete revolution of thought and sentiment concerning the carnivorous habit, which is destined to take place in the future. The Editor of that journal has, I am told, received many congratulations from humane persons who have not hitherto been connected with the Humane-Diet Movement, and his impartial and fearless action in giving publicity to the convictions which are held by thousands of earnest and thoughtful men and women concerning the need which exists for humanizing Society by bringing about the abolition of butchery and Carnivorism, will win for him the thanks of all workers in this sacred Cause. I venture to believe that in the coming years he will have cause to feel glad that he lent his influence to the furtherance of our Movement in this manner, for there can be no doubt that before the Twentieth Century has come to an end the civilized world will have grown to regard with honour and respect the pioneers of "the humaner Age which is to be," who are at present protesting against human barbarism and helping to bring about a general recognition of the rights of the sub-human races.

DR. OLDFIELD'S INDIAN TOUR.

Our friends will be glad to learn that during his tour in India Dr. Oldfield has been able to do much to further our work in the East. On December 2nd, at Lahore, he addressed the Brahma Samaj (the most progressive Hindoo religious organization) on the subject, "The Golden Age for India," at Ahmedabad he spoke on "Caste in relation to diet" and he has also been able to lecture at Junagadh, Agra, Indore, and also before the Jain Association of India at Bombay, and thus to influence the minds and win the sympathy of many leaders of native thought. In several places Provincial Councillors have been appointed who will promote the circulation of our literature and the furtherance of our ideals.

SUICIDE MADE EASY.

The terrible risk of unconsciously committing suicide, which is run by those who buy sausages, pork pies, and potted veal and ham, was exemplified at the Clerkenwell Police Court on December 21st, when James Harris was sent to jail for six weeks for having upon his premises a sucking pig, 61 pieces of pork, 39 pieces of veal and three pieces of beef which, according to the evidence which was tendered, "were discoloured, green, putrid, slimy, soft, and in a state of decomposition." The premises upon which these things were found contained chopping machines, sausage filling apparatus and other appliances, together with various spices and condiments.

In view of the constant occurrence of such "seizures" as these, I am at a loss to understand how rational beings can continue to consume food of such a doubtful nature, and at the same time have the impertinence to label as "cranks" those who are more particular concerning what they introduce into their earthly tabernacles.

* * *

TWENTIETH-CENTURY BARBARISM.

A ghastly story has recently been published in *Truth* from a letter written by an Australian volunteer in South Africa. Speaking of the flocks which have been captured by our troops the writer states that in some places they are ordered to kill them so that they will not be re-captured. The way in which this work of destruction was, on one occasion, carried out is described as follows:—

"One day I saw them bring in about 2,000 sheep and Angora goats, which they got in a heap, and told off a lot of niggers and soldiers to kill. They got sticks and stones, and other primitive weapons, and started to bash into them. About five o'clock the men went back again to their squads. At eight half of the "dead flock" were standing up again, some with horns smashed off, some with eyes gouged out, others with injured backs, many tongueless. About this time I saw a lot of niggers armed with sticks going down to do the job over again, and until morning the air was filled with the sound of the beating of sticks and the shrieks of maimed goats and sheep."

The slaughter of cattle in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy may be one of those horrible necessities which war entails, but that the work should be carried out in this manner either by the direction, or with the sanction, of our Officers is positively scandalous. If the story is true, it demonstrates in a very telling manner how war demoralizes human beings, and what callous barbarism exists beneath a thin veneer of civilization in carnivorous mankind. Surely the sum total of human and animal suffering caused by this war is already great enough without adding to it by such deeds as these, to say nothing of the diabolical influence which such an incident would exercise upon the minds of the natives. The work of advocating Humaneness is indeed very necessary.

* * *

THE CURE OF CANCER.

An American physician has reported that he has treated fifty cases of cancer with the Rontgen rays, and that although the forms of cancer differed considerably, the treatment has been successful in every instance. As it has already been demonstrated at several London hospitals that cutaneous cancer is curable by this method, there is every reason to hope that even when the malady has fastened upon the internal organs of the body the action of these rays may prove curative, for, as is well known, they penetrate and pass through human flesh without hindrance.

If this means of cure is established by reliable evidence, a heavy blow will have been struck at the vivisection cult who for centuries have been tormenting animals without discovering a cure for any human malady. No rational being could conceive that the Infinite Spirit has so ordained matters that the deliverance of mankind from disease should result from such diabolical crimes as are perpetrated in physiological laboratories in this and other lands. On the other hand, it is most reasonable to expect that human ills may be overcome by a more general recognition of the necessity which exists for obeying the laws of health, and by the utilization of the

many vitalising and remedial forces of Nature, of which the world has hitherto known so little, but which are now beginning to be better understood.

* * *

A HUMANE PRESIDENT.

The Journal of American Medicine states that the President of the United States has forbidden the "docking" of the horses belonging to him. Our contemporary, commenting on this, says: "We hope that the example of the President in refusing to have in his stables horses thus mutilated may help to turn the 'fashionables' from this hideous and cruel habit."

What a grand opportunity these Presidents and Emperors possess for furthering Humaneness. I quite envy them their position of influence for this reason. If I should, in my next incarnation, happen to be born a potentate, I calculate that there will be a boom in humane legislation of all kinds.

* * *

IS TUBERCULOSIS TRANSMISSIBLE?

The transmissibility of tuberculosis from animals to man will in all probability be demonstrated by the experiments which are now being conducted under the auspices of the British Government, and Dr. Koch's theory will thus be finally exploded. In addition to the numerous testimonies and facts that have been published by medical men, which justify this anticipation, some very definite evidence was published in a New York journal on December 14th. The article states that Dr. George D. Barney, of Brooklyn, inoculated a cow in October, 1900, with the bacteria of human tuberculosis, and a few weeks later he found that the cow had developed consumption. He then inoculated Miss Emma King, a trained nurse, who offered herself for the experiment, with the culture taken from the cow, and on November 22nd she developed tuberculosis of the right lung.

* * *

THE FRUIT-DRYING INDUSTRY.

I am glad to learn that important progress is being made in Ireland, through the efforts of Mr. James Harper, in connection with the establishment of the Fruit-drying Industry. The Irish Agricultural Organization Society is taking the matter up in real earnest and at a recent Exhibition held by the Royal Dublin Society the dried-fruit and vegetable stall attracted a great deal of attention, not only from the public, but from their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The Duke inspected a sample of Irish-made dried soup which was identical with the German-made dried soup which is supplied to our troops in South Africa, and for which, together with German-dried vegetables, the British Government is paying £20,000 per week. His Royal Highness expressed his full appreciation of the importance of the industry and its value if it is adopted in Ireland.

I venture to hope that this new development is going to prove an important factor in the solution of the problem of rural depopulation. As the demand for meat declines, in consequence of the growth of the Humane Diet Movement, a corresponding increase in the demand for fruit and vegetables will take place, and this method of drying them will meet the almost insuperable difficulty which confronts farmers in isolated districts of disposing of their produce at remunerative prices.

This new industry has come to stay, and I hope that all our readers will help to circulate information concerning this ray of hope which is calculated to gladden the hearts of many despairing fruit growers in the United Kingdom who have had in the past the bitter experience of seeing their crops wasted owing to the fruit having ripened when Covent Garden and other markets are glutted.

There is every prospect that fruit farming will now develop into a lucrative and important profession and some of the millions which are at present spent in buying fruits of all kinds from foreign countries, for consumption in the United

Kingdom, will be devoted to re-establishing upon English soil thousands of families who will be able to earn their living in a manner which is conducive to health, culture and morality.

* * *

THE KING'S BOUNTY.

It is reported in the Press that the New Year's distribution of joints of beef to the poor of Windsor has now been discontinued by command of the King and that in future coal or some other useful necessity will be substituted.

This action on the part of his Majesty, coming so soon after the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds, would appear to justify the conviction that the growth of humane sentiment which is taking place amongst the most cultured of the people finds a response in the Royal Family. All who are working to humanize Society will be glad to realize that in their efforts they have the sympathy of our beloved Sovereign.

* * *

NEW YEAR REFLECTIONS.

A very appropriate and helpful address to workers for the Food-Reformation by Mr. T. H. Evans is published in the *Vegetarian*, of January 4th. The writer speaks as follows:—

"We are entering upon another year of family-appreciated effort on behalf of our less enlightened fellow-creatures. Some persons who ridiculed our efforts and made fun of our arguments, at this time last year, have passed to a premature grave. The same spirit of levity will, no doubt, influence others this year to behave toward themselves in the same unfriendly manner. It is themselves they injure, not us.

"Few seem to realize that we act from disinterested motives. We have nothing to gain by converting others. The gain is, or would be, on their side; they gave heed to our warning; any loss accruing is on our side, in the shape of time, money and effort expended for the very natural and kindly purpose of trying to make others as healthy and happy as we are ourselves.

"Vegetarian mission work is by no means so pleasant or so easy a task as many imagine. It would be far easier to leave the flesh-eaters to their table delights and consequent aches and pains, than seek to interest them in a more rational way of living. Few realize the sacrifice we make in trying to save others from the deadly influence of a disease-producing diet.

"How little are our labours appreciated! Nay, worse; we are condemned for plainly stating the true facts of the case. . . .

"Entering as we are upon the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the great privileges, the still greater responsibilities of a new year, suppose we turn our thoughts within and take stock of ourselves. Where are we in this great work?

"What have we gained in the years that have passed?

Have we been going too slow or too fast?

Come, put the ladders away on the shelves;

Let's have a five-minutes' chat with ourselves.

Let us—forgetting the world's busy mart—

Turn to the world that's within our own hearts.

Have we not *there* many things to atone?

Much, even the wisest feel humbled to own

What of the vow made a twelvemonth ago?

What sort of balance-sheet have we to show?

How has our time and our money been spent?

What have we squandered, or borrowed, or lent?

Alas! what we've gained in the matter of trade,

Will it prove worthy the price we have paid?

When, conscience smitten, which way have we turned?

How have we acted when health was concerned?

What of the sad ones we've passed on the road?

Have we attempted to lighten their load?

Has, e'en one victim, 'neath poverty's whips,

Died, blessing us, with his quivering lips?

Will something gained, in the year that has passed,

Softened death's pillow, when breathing our last?"

* * *

AN EDITORIAL CHANGE.

The Council of The Order have decided that for the remainder of this year *The Herald* shall be edited by a committee.

This arrangement will enable me to give more attention to other departments of our work and also make it possible for me to visit other lands with a view to extending our organization. I expect to spend some time in France, Italy and Switzerland, and may visit America later on.

I therefore, simultaneously with the appearance of this issue of our journal, vacate the Editorial Chair, and would express my gratitude to the many literary friends who have helped me in my task hitherto.

The Great Cry.

On September 4th, 1835, only 66 years ago, the *Charlestown Courier*, in referring to the pro-slavery meeting being held in the town stated that "The clergy of all denominations attended in a body, lending their sanction to the proceedings, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene." A few years later the ear of the American nation was startled by the cry of one of her noblest citizens, and the country awoke to the fact that, after all, the coloured races had "rights," that slavery was wrong, and that the system had to be abolished for ever.

In 1844, only 57 years ago, a large-hearted English woman awakened the conscience of England, by her "Cry of the Children," to the fact that the conditions of life under which the little citizens of the nation were living and working had become intolerable and needed immediate drastic reform. Intelligent men, irrespective of creed or social position, gave the matter the closest study, and soon the great ponderous piece of machinery at Westminster was set in motion to bring about happier conditions, and a sweeter lot for the children of the land.

To-day we are face to face with another problem, one which no one can afford to shirk or pass by on the other side. Men and women of all denominations, living under totally different conditions of life, are intelligently challenging the killing of birds and animals for purposes of food, and a direct appeal is being made, as never before, to the consciences of men to stop all this shedding of blood, not so much from an economic or hygienic standpoint, but from the highest of all conceptions—that the whole thing is a violation of the great law of Mercy and Love.

The attitude of such men serves to show that evolution is at work, and as thought is growing kinder, and the spiritual perception is deepening, there are in the Vanguard of Progress a number of those whose conceptions of life have enabled them to embrace an Ideal which includes in its Gospel of Love, the four-footed dwellers on the earth and the winged children of the air.

If there is one thing in this world which ought to touch the hearts of men everywhere, it is the great heart-broken sob that is going up day after day from the sub-human creatures. The long drawn out agony which is the lot of beast and bird is one of the most terrible pictures in life to-day. Every hour, the whole day long, and the whole night through, a cruel, unnecessary slaughter is going on.

Men preach to us of Love, then eat a chop: they utter beautiful panegyrics on Life, yet ruthlessly have it destroyed for their food; they sing to us of Peace, and all the time they are destroying it by murdering their humbler brethren; they sermonise on the attainment of Eternal Life and Immortality, and yet they inflict the death penalty upon countless numbers of highly organised sensitive creatures, and perpetuate those very forces which maintain Death instead of Life; they talk of harmony in human life, and yet uphold the most degrading of all human occupations, the very thought of which is enough to produce discord, whilst the results of which are the very antipodes of harmony.

How can refinement of spirit and perfection of sympathy be attained when so brutal, so coarse and so cruel a lot is made the daily round for thousands of men and lads, and women too?

How can the Temple of Love be perfected so long as so vast a portion of the creation is denied any place or part in it?

The slender thread of life is being torn and mutilated to such an extent, that the beautiful graceful little feathered songster hides himself and ceases to fill the air with music; the patient creatures around us are all terror-stricken at our approach and to look into their large, speaking eyes, eyes which crave sympathy, which bespeak fear and suffering, which tell of pain as well as terror, is to feel one's whole soul rise up in a prolonged protest against a custom which is as brutal as it is old, and which is as unnecessary as it is disgusting and degrading.

This great load of suffering will have to be lessened, and ultimately removed, for the cry of the slaughtermen and the cry of the sub-human creatures is ringing in our ears to-day as powerfully as the cry of the slave and the cry of the children of a generation ago. To abolish this needless infliction of the death penalty upon animals and to develop greater possibilities in the lower creations, to inspire love and a spirit of comradeship towards them, to recognise that all that breathes shares with us the wondrous gift called "Life," and is, therefore, worthy of our protection and our care, to awaken in human hearts a responsive echo to the pathetic cry from beast and bird, to develop within man a wider conception of that Royal Road,

"Where kindness dwells

"And pity makes her home"—

this is the next great step onward and upward toward which the thought of man is slowly but surely evolving.

That it is a matter of evolution is beyond doubt. To many, a bloodless diet means nothing more than a mere fad or a sickly sentiment. To many others it appears to merit nothing but a sneer and a bitter spirit of resentment. *Such must grow!* And if, as Dr. Oldfield says, some eat flesh because they are afraid of "what will become of the animals," a diet of flesh and blood must still be their portion, and they must pay the inevitable penalty sooner or later, for violating physical and moral Law. But there our thousands of intelligent men and women to whom a non-flesh diet brings new conceptions of the social and moral progress of the world, and to whom the eating of dead carcasses is simply a relic of cannibalism.

Harold W. Whiston,
From the *Macclesfield Courier*

Progress.

In its giving and its getting,
In its smiling and its fretting,
In its peaceful years of toiling, and its awful days of war,
Ever on the world is moving,
And all human life is proving
It is reaching toward the purpose that the great God meant it for.
Through its laughing and its weeping,
Through its living and its keeping,
Through its follies and its labours, weaving in and out of sight,
To the end from the beginning,
Through all virtue and all sinning,
Reeled from God's great spool of progress, runs the golden thread of light.
All the darkness and the errors,
All the sorrows and the terrors,
Time has painted in the background on the canvas of the world,
All the beauty of life's story
He will do in tones of glory,
When these final blots of shadows from his brushes have been hurled.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

How the Feast of Christ was Kept.

An Address by Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, B.A., given at Cardiff, in December, 1901.

Charles Trevor had been a successful man of the world. He had climbed the ladder of honour. He had tasted the fruit of fame. But one day he looked into the cup of life that tasted so sweet, and saw an image of himself. Then he awoke from his earthly dream. Ambition was the bubble of an hour; the world's applause a passing breath—this he understood, when he first saw the man that gazed upon him through his own eyes.



Great wonder fell upon his friends when he gave up a prospering legal practice in the city, resigned his seat in Parliament, from which his brilliant oratory had oft flashed forth with power, and withdrew from further currency a book which had been the sensation of the last season. Greater wonder still when it came out that he had retired to a cottage farm near a Welsh village, on whose five acres he laboured like any peasant churl. They speculated how Mrs. Trevor, who had led social functions with such grace and dignity, could submit to this exile from all that made life worth living, and how she bore her share of the drudgery of this foolish experiment in fruit culture.

They did not know and could not know that this change of life was largely Elsie Trevor's doing, that she had again and again poured her dream into her husband's ear, until he had seized it with all the strenuous vigour of intellect and practical energy which characterised the former member of West Ham. Where her intuition led, his reason slowly followed, and within them both had grown a weariness of the empty life of artificial culture, the meaningless complexity which social customs imposed, and a heavy and heavier heart pang at the sodden misery of the city poor.

Beneath the outward veneer of the members of their polished circle, they had been shocked to find not seldom a callous indifference to others' suffering, an unyielding tenure of all the power and privilege of their class, a shallow grasp of great moral principles, even a brutal aggressiveness which belied every cardinal point in the creed of the Christ. They had, however, been oftentimes surprised to find in simple folk of the constituency, making no pretence to possession of culture or refined feelings, a kindness, a willingness to help, a sensitiveness to their fellows' hardship, which they could not explain.

Trevor had, on behalf of one of his rich friends, once won a case against a victim of an unhealthy slum-dwelling. After the trial he had understood the case, and endured the pain of knowing himself to have been an instrument of unrighteousness. This experience had opened his eyes to the injustice of methods of law, and by degrees to the corruption of the whole social regime.

So Trevor and his sweet wife determined to do what they could to the extent of the influence of two, in bearing witness to a sadder, simpler, better state of things. Instead of exploiting others, they would take a share in the toil of the world. Instead of burdening others by participating in the endless complexity of our civilisation, they would live as simply as was consistent with perfect health. Instead of using their gifts to protect the strong, they would devote

them to uplift the weak. Instead of exchanging courtesies with the idle rich, they would bring their culture to refine the life of the industrious poor. For they had studied, to some purpose, the works of Whitman, Ruskin, and Tolstoy, which had bred amid a vapid artificial routine a desire for a strong, natural, out-of-door existence. They had become imbued with the new thought which unmasks that cultured savagery that battens on blood. A rapid development of psychic powers on the part of Elsie Trevor had compelled their advance from an arid sceptical intellectualism. They had learnt the secret of the brotherhood of the race, and through this had found the key to the gentle life of the Galilean yoke-maker, the law of whose life was the law of Love.

At first the villagers of Llamolo had looked askance upon these city folk, bringing ways which were not as their ways, nor as the ways of the people at the mansion. The village doctor, though glad to enjoy the company of Trevor whenever possible, had dropped hints as to sundry 'fads.' The vicar had been pleased to see them at church, but puzzled to find that at other times they resorted to the various Bethels. Neither priest nor parson, in fact, could give them much spiritual help, but where the people strove to enter into communion with the Father of Spirits, there loved they to be in the midst of them to seek Him who is found through the heart of man. The strangers to all appearance would not fit any of the conventional forms of the people's mental compartment. But their uniform kindness, their ready and unfailing sympathy whenever opportunity was afforded to express it, had already made an impression on the hearts of at least the poor and distressed before the first Christmas of their residence amongst them.

This first Christmas made them many humble friends. For Trevor had arranged a departure from the usual pagan feast with its coarse revellings limited to the family circle, to a festival more in accord with the spirit of the Christ. And what more akin to that spirit than to go forth into the highways and byways and compel to come in such as were in need, that those in want may have their fill; and the companionless be not alone; and the bereaved enjoy friendly comfort; and goodwill to all be a deed of hand and heart and not a word upon the lips. It was a strange medley gathered together. The poor governess at the Mansion had come to help Mrs. Trevor in the tasks of hospitality. Widow mothers had brought their bairns. The old village cronies forgot their feuds in mutual courtesy. A young woman, who had been under ban, feared no frown while under Elsie Trevor's smile. The atmosphere of her home dealt with unkind convention as sunlight does with noisome bacteria. Everybody in its kindly air felt it easy to be generous and genial and good humoured.

What a dinner it was and what fun! For no one knew what one was eating, only that the turkey was delicious, though it was turkey that never strutted on a dunghill, and the goose was pronounced rare fare, though it was goose whose neck was never wrung to make Christian celebration of One who came to save, not to destroy, life. Then the puddings steamed round the table, and after came the toasts. And many a wish touched a spring of deep emotion, and there were trickling tears through the glad smiles.

When the little ones had been taken home at dusk by happy mothers or foster-mothers, the company entered upon more subdued delights. The governess sang a sweet story and as she sang, Trevor exhibited from a lantern, scenes an artist had depicted in illustration. Then followed a collection of beautiful

pictures, with word-comment instinct with the soul of an artist. The last is a copy of a masterpiece. It is an episode from the life of the Saviour, Trevor told the story of its painting—how it had come to the painter in a dream, and how translating his dream to canvas, he worked and worked, forgetting food and rest, hasting to finish because the hand of death was already upon him. Then in a voice, rich not with the oratory of the hustings but with the eloquence of a holy life, he narrated the event from the gospels set forth by the picture. With this narrative were blended experiences of his own life in London, including an account of a garret girl and her great sacrifice for her mother's sake. And as the tale grew, upon the assembly fell a solemn hush, and in the awe that softened their hearts and minds there seemed to steal the very presence of that gentle Spirit who taught forgiveness, humility, patience, and whose commandment was that we should love one another.

The regal sway of love was felt upon that gathered band, and all scorn and mutual mistrust subsided and fell away. The ideal of social fellowship became a reality as he spake of the heart of Christ, to be found not in the manger at Bethlehem, but where two or three are in concord upon earth and men lay down their hatred in service of their brethren.

The selfish chords which awaken in response to the doctrine that another's suffering had bought their pardon, were silenced, and deeper emotions were stirred when another's sacrifice became the plea for sacrifice of our own. So the hand of Christ seemed on them, and his heart constraining theirs to give and satisfy the universal craving of the human breast for sympathy and helpful love. Thus kept they in spirit the festival of the child of Bethlehem.

But the most sacred hour must wind itself out; the time for parting came; and if the load had been removed which the guests' hearts had borne, their arms took away another bundle.

Subtle were the speculations as to what their parcels contained, and all wondered by what magic power the exact need of each recipient had been so accurately divined.

All took away something more precious—a lesson of grace, of goodwill, of love, while in the life of Charles and Elsie Trevor was left a little murmur of joy to cheer them on their way to the Great Peace.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

To be healthy is the natural state, and disease is, in nine cases out of ten, our punishment for some indiscretion or excess.

Every time we are ill it is part of our remaining youth that we squander.

Therefore, don't let yourself be ill.

The best plan to avoid illness, is to live regularly, simply, with a frugality that stupid persons alone will deem painful or eccentric.

Sleep eight hours in every twenty-four.

Ventilate the rooms you sleep and work in. Very few people, even among those who think they are well up in modern ideas, have any conception of what ventilation means. Even when my voice was the only thing I had in the world I slept with my windows wide open, summer and winter, and never caught cold in that way.

Examine seriously into your list of social obligations, and simplify your social life—simplify it all you can.

Complicated living breeds worry, and worry is the main enemy of health and happiness—the one fiendish microbe that does more to destroy the health and happiness of mankind than any other.

Make your home a pleasant place, cheerful, but well within your means.

Adelina Patti.

Mr. Dooley on Medicine and Christian Science.



Mr. Dooley, whose criticism of life is as comprehensive as it is acute, has naturally something to say about Christian Science. He neatly describes it as "wan way iv gettin' th' money," and he points to the significant fact that "not many men is Christyan Scientists, but nearly all women is, in wan way or another." To Mr. Hennessy, who, after hearing how pain and injury are charmed away by making believe that they do not exist, declares, "Tis all foolishness," Mr. Dooley replies with the philosophical reflection, "Well sir, who can tell? If it wasn't fr medical progress I'd be sure th' Christian Scientists was wrong."

Incidentally he describes the old-fashioned medical practitioner: "Th' doctor who attinded me whin I was young'd be thought as loonatical if he was alive to-day, as th' mos' christyan scientist that iver rayjooiced a swellin' over a long distance tillyphone. He inthrajooiced near th' whole parish into this life iv sin an' sorrow, he give us calomel with a shovel, bled us like a polis captain an' niver thought anny medicine was good if it didn't choke ye going down. I can see him now as he came up driven' ol' gray an' yellow horse in a buggy. He had whiskers that he cud tie in a knot round his waist, an' him an' th' priest was th' on'y two men in th' neighborhood that carried a goold watch . . . He was catch-as-catch-can 'n he'd tackle annything fr'm pneumony iv th' lungs to premachure baldness. He'd niver heerd iv mickrobes."

Mr. Dooley goes on to contrast the new with the old. He sends for a doctor, who at once proceeds to take his temperature. "While I have th' chube in me mouth he jabs me thumb with a needle an' laves th' room. He comes back about th' time I'm r-ready to strangle an' removes th' chube. 'How high does she spout?' says I. 'Ninety-nine,' says he. 'Good hivens,' says I, 'don't come near me dock, or ye'll be sunstruck,' says I. 'I've just examined ye'er blood,' he says. 'Ye'er full of weeds,' he says. 'Be that time I'm scared to death, an' I say a few prayers, whin he fixes a hose to me chest and begins listenin.' 'Anny-thing goin' on inside?' says I. 'Tis ye'er heart,' says he. 'Glory be,' says I, 'what's th' matther with that ol' ingine?' says I. 'I cud tell you,' he says, 'but I'll have to call in Dock Vinthrice, th' specialist,' he says. 'I oughtn't to be lookin' at ye'er heart at all,' he says. 'I niver larned below th' chin, an' I'd be fired be th' union if they knew I was wurrukin' on th' heart,' he says. So Dr. Ventricle is sent for, and, finding something wrong in the lungs, suggests that Dr. Bellows should be called in.

Dr. Bellows, in "pounding" the patient's chest, accidentally hits him below the belt, and at once sends for Dr. "Laporattemy," whose proceedings are described as follows: "Th' Dock sticks his finger into me as far as th' knuckle. 'What's that fr?' says I. 'That's O'Hannigan's point,' he says. 'I don't see it,' says I. 'O'Hannigan must have had a fine sinse iv humour.' 'Did it hurt?' says he. 'Not,' says I, 'as much as though ye'd used an awl,' says I, 'or a chisel,' I says; 'but,' I says, 'it didn't tickle,' I says." The doctors go out of the room and "talk it over at tin dollars a minyit while I'm layin' there at two dollars a day—docked." The result of the conversation is announced by Dr. Laporatomy, who, after distributing the various organs among his learned brothers, says: "'As fr me,' he says, 'I will add wan more vermiform appendix to me belt,' he says. 'Tis strange how our foolish predecessors,' says he, 'niver got onto the dangers iv th' vermiform appendix,' he says. 'I have no doubt that that's what kilt Methusalem,' he says."

Mr. Dooley tells a fearsome story of a man who, after being operated on, had to be "hemstitched" so hurriedly

that the surgeons "locked up in him two sponges, a saw, an ice-pick, a goold watch an' a pair iv curlin' irons belongin' to wan iv th' nurses." Summing up, he says that between the Christian scientist and the scientific practitioner "'tis a question iv whether ye want to be threatied like a loonytic or like a can iv preserved vigitable." He quotes Father Kelly as saying that if doctors "knew less about pizen an' more about gruel an' opened fewer patients an' more windows, they'd not be so manny christyan scientists." To the same clerical authority is attributed the opinion that "th' difference between christyan scientists an' doctors is that christyan scientists thinks they'se no such thing as disease, and doctors thinks there an't annything else." Mr. Dooley himself thinks that "if the christyan scientists had some science an' th' doctors more christyanity, it wouldn't make anny difference which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse." *Dulce est desipere in loco.* Mr. Dooley's satire, though keen, is good-natured; and, like a sermon, it can be applied by everyone to his neighbour. —*British Medical Journal.*

Not Work, but Worry.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That wrinkles the smooth fair face;
That blends grey hair with the dusky,
And robs the form of its grace;
That dims the lustre and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled,
With a weary despondent light.
It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes us sober and sad;
That makes us narrow and sordid
When we should be cheery and glad,
There's a shadow before the sunlight,
And ever a cloud in the blue;
The scent of the roses is tainted,
The notes of the song are untrue.
It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old;
That numbers the years of its children,
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven,
And the wisdom of God's great plan.
Ah! 'tis not the work, but the worry,
That breaks the heart of man.

Inez May Felt.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Brotherhood is not communism. It is the spirit of Altruism which takes away all excuse for the existence of communism. It is not Paternalism. It is rather the helpful spirit which teaches the child self-reliance and that trains the man to help himself and to be a help to the weak.

Thus we find our own life when we lose it. Obedience to this law of our being brings true enjoyment. This is why it is more blessed to give than to receive. In watering others man is gratifying one of the noblest instincts of his nature, and so is watering himself. If, in doing this, some sacrifice of ease, of comfort, or of self-interest, is endured, so much the fuller blessedness, so much the richer experience. The altruistic spirit does not ask "What will it cost?" but, "Is loving service needed?" "Is this the opportunity for unselfish ministry?"

When there shall be the universal recognition of this grand reality, then will appear the "new heavens and the new earth." The sweet spirit of Charity will pervade the earth. Then will communities and nations vie with each other in acts of kindly fellowship. Then will all men enter upon the inheritance which is rightly theirs. Chains will be broken, doors will be open, labour receive its reward, peace and harmony prevail and prosperity abound. T. A. Merrill.

Was Cornaro Right?

The *British Medical Journal*, of December 28th, states that the paper, entitled "Was Cornaro Right?" read at the annual meeting, by Dr. Van Someren, has excited a good deal of discussion. John Abernethy's opinion may therefore be worth quoting as being appropriate if not altogether edifying. In speaking of the results of disturbed digestion, as when a man "overcharges his stomach with all the cursed mixtures which a vitiated appetite can invent," Abernethy delivered himself as follows:—

"When patients apply to me, and I see that their complaints are chiefly of the nature I have been describing, I tell them that I am no physician, and I offend them stoutly when I tell them that they have their health in their own keeping. If a man were to do as Cornaro did, he would be rewarded for it by a long and happy life. Cornaro was given over by his physicians at the age of thirty-five; he saw that there was not the least chance of recovery if he continued to swallow the trash they were in the habit of giving him, and that there was no good in putting food into his stomach if his stomach could not digest it. What did it do there? Why, it played the very devil with Cornaro's intestines. 'So,' said he, 'I dropped the plan pursued by my physicians, and adopted a regimen of my own. . . . He went down to the grave at the advanced age of 101, as the account is given by his niece, who was a nun at Padua."

As Cornaro's writings, in which he records his experiences, are not now generally accessible, although down to the middle of the eighteenth century they were the most popular and widely known of dietetic treatises, it may perhaps interest our readers if I give some particulars of his life. I may remark here that he treats the subject of dietetic reform from an exclusively hygienic point of view—the humane aspect of the question is entirely unnoticed by him, a fact not altogether surprising in the age in which he lived.

Cornaro was born at Venice in 1465, and was a member of one of its leading families, the years of his youth and early manhood were distinguished by his licentious habits of eating and drinking and by other excesses, which were followed by a swift nemesis in the shape of many disorders so grievous that as he informs us from his thirty-fifth to his fortieth year, he passed his days and nights in continuous suffering against which treatment of any known kind was of no avail. In this extremity one of his medical advisers, superior to the prejudices of his profession, had the courage to prescribe a total change of diet by advocating a regimen consisting almost entirely of bread and fruit.

This he found at first intolerable, but, persevering, at the end of the first year he was freed from his many maladies, and assures us that he could then relish dry bread more than formerly he had enjoyed the most exquisite dishes. He devoted the remainder of his long life to the advocacy of food reform, publishing in his 83rd year his "Treatise on the Sober Life," followed in his 86th, 93rd and 95th years by other works on the same subject, the many editions of which, published in his own country and their translation into many European languages, sufficiently attest their worth and importance.

He tells us that he was encouraged in his arduous work of proselytizing, by many "men of intellect," who lamented the premature deaths of so many of their friends, and to them his vigorous frame at such an advanced age furnished a striking "object lesson" of the soundness and superiority of his dietetic method.

At the age of 70 he met with a coach accident in which the injuries he sustained were so severe that his physicians gave him only three days to live. He refused all treatment (except the setting of his dislocated limbs) and to use his own words "without using any other kind of remedy

I recovered as I thought I should . . . a thing that appears no less than miraculous in the eyes of the physicians." This was a striking testimony to the advantages of his pure and simple diet.

He maintained his bodily and mental activity and vigour unimpaired to the end, dying calmly in his arm chair at Padua, in 1566, at the age of 101 years.

I give a quotation from his "Treatise on a Sober Life;" his exordium, in which he denounces the waste and gluttony of the dinners of the rich, might be applied with equal force to the public up-to-date dinners of our day.

"It is very certain that custom, with time, becomes a second nature, forcing men to use that, whether good or bad, to which they have been habituated; and we see the custom of habit getting the better of reason in many things.

"Nothing more is requisite for this purpose (the attainment of health) than to live up to the simplicity dictated by nature, which teaches us to be content with little, to pursue the practice of holy abstemiousness and divine reason; and accustom ourselves to eat no more than is absolutely necessary to support life.

"Some men pretend that it is better to live ten years (only) than not to indulge one's appetite. My reply is . . . that is no great matter if health and longevity is not duly prized by them, since it is they who brutalize the world, and so their death is rather of service to it."

It is hardly to be expected that the faculty generally will endorse Cornaro's opinion, that by attending to his regimen "no person could ever be sick again, as it removes every cause of sickness, and thus for the future he would want neither physician or physic," or if they did that they would voice their belief in the trenchant style of Abernethy, but the fact of the appearance of a paper on such a subject as that, by Dr. Van Someren, at a great Medical Congress, and its effect being recorded as "exciting a good deal of discussion," may be rightly considered as a happy augury for the progress of food-reform in the profession.

R. H. Perks, M.D.

How I was Cured of Diabetes.

At the request of the Editor, I venture to give my experience of vegetarianism as applied to a bad state of health into which I unfortunately fell some few years ago.

It has been said that a man is his own best physician at the age of forty if he is wise; when I was thirty-five it began to dawn upon me that living in the way that was common amongst my friends, drinking alcoholic stimulant, smoking excessively, and eating considerable quantities of meat, was not the correct thing to do. Some three or four months before I attained my thirty-sixth year, I suffered from headache, unpleasant tongue, excessive thirst, great depression of spirits, occasional breaks of inordinate appetite, followed by periods of great physical exhaustion. I consulted a doctor, who prescribed change, rest, and in times of depression, stimulants. I tried these without effect, and a friend then suggested the giving up of stimulants, which was—for the time being—productive of good.

At this time I went to a hydropathic establishment at Matlock, and was there informed by the resident physician, that I had distinct diabetic symptoms; the usual course was prescribed and a diet list was given me to which I rigidly adhered. Meat was excluded, and I was informed that only when I got considerably stronger should I be able to return to it. After a time I returned to meat eating, but my digestion being very weak, and having read John Woolman's Journal, I was encouraged thereby to try to carry out what I knew would be better for me, and would enable me to live a higher and a better life. I therefore resolved to abstain from

meat altogether, subsequently I gave up poultry and fish, and to-day I am able to say, that without being able to eat wheat (taking as a substitute toasted brown bread), without being able to eat potatoes, or farinaceous food, and practically none of the vegetables that grow under the ground, I yet have been able to find a wonderfully varied diet and to thrive upon it. I eat large quantities of fruit—dried when I can get it—vegetable soups, nuts (*ad libitum*) milk, eggs, butter and cheese. I take, comparatively speaking, little tea and coffee, no cocoa, and neither sugar nor saccharine. My life is a varied and busy one, for I am called upon to lecture a great deal, often twice and three times a day. I travel a good deal, and get in, practically, sixteen hours of work every day. I believe I am now quite free from any diabetic symptoms.

To all those who helped me to form a resolution, which, despite the ignorance of hotel keepers and the difficulties consequent upon being so much away from home, I have adhered to, my thanks are due. As a result of my own experience I can truthfully say that a wider horizon is open to me since I gave up eating flesh-food, a deeper sympathy with, not only men, but with all that has life, has been vouchsafed to me and, free from the depressing influences of flesh diet, and encouraged by the experiences of those heralds of a new Age which one meets here and there, I am emboldened to inculcate my principles and practice to others, believing that a great deal of evil which is termed sin and crime in this world is merely the result of ignorance, which those who have found grace and enlightenment should do their best to dispel.

James Harper

(Lecturer to the Devon County Council).

Reviews.

"Hygienic Treatment." By Mrs. A. S. Hunter, Zetland House, Bridge of Allan. N.B. Price 9d. post free.

This book which has already reached a circulation of 25,000 contains a great deal of valuable information concerning Hydropathy, Hygiene, Clothing and Food Reform. It will prove very helpful to many who have brought physical troubles upon themselves through lack of knowledge concerning the ways of Health.

✱ ✱ ✱
"How to Control Fate Through Suggestion." By Henry Harrison Brown. (Now Publishing Co., 1423, Market Street, San Francisco). 25 Cents.

This book contains, in a practical form, a good deal of information concerning Thought-Force and the power of Suggestion. It is a very up-to-date presentation of the fundamental ideas which underlie the New Thought Movement and there can be no doubt that it will prove helpful and suggestive to those who are thinking their way into possession of the larger mental horizon which is destined to have such an important influence upon coming generations. The book is published at a reasonable price and its philosophy is sound.

✱ ✱ ✱
"Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," by Ernest Crosby (F. R. Henderson & Co., 26, Paternoster Square). Price, 1/- nett.

This is a volume of poems, sonnets and verses touching upon the evils and shams of modern civilization and the need which exists for reform in many departments of civic life. The author manifests a genius for showing up hypocrisy and cant, whilst he exalts the Ethics of Tolstoy, and advocates an advanced form of Communistic Socialism. There are many excellent ideas in this book and it is a pity that the author should lessen his influence by looking at some things from such an extreme standpoint, as he must thereby alienate the sympathy of many readers who are level-headed enough to realize that sincere altruism and a genuine sense of universal brotherhood need not include class partiality, or irrational quixotism.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Members of the Order will please note that all subscriptions fall due in January, being payable in advance for the current year. The Council feel sure that all will recognise the necessity which exists for minimising the work at Headquarters and will therefore be ready to forward their subscriptions without special application being made, as the labour and expense of sending out notices will thus be obviated.

* * *

Subscriptions for this Journal (in nearly all cases) become due at the commencement of the New Year, and subscribers are therefore asked to forward their remittances before the matter is forgotten by them.

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

The cost of circulating the literature published by The Order in all parts of the world gratuitously, is met by the voluntary contributions of Members and sympathetic friends. No portion of the funds subscribed to The Order, up to the present time, has been used in paying for rent of offices, or for literary work—all that is needful in this way being provided by disinterested workers who have the interests of the Movement at heart.

Converts to the humane principles which are advocated by The Order are being made in all lands by means of the official publications, and many more could be influenced if the funds at the disposal of the Council permitted of a still larger circulation and distribution.

* * *

In consequence of numerous requests having been made that the photographs of the Executive Council shall be sold by The Order, a number have been prepared, and can, in consequence of the large consignment contracted for, be supplied at the low price of one shilling, post free. Members across the sea who wish to possess the portraits of the Leaders of this Movement can therefore now do so. Applicants should state which one is required.

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